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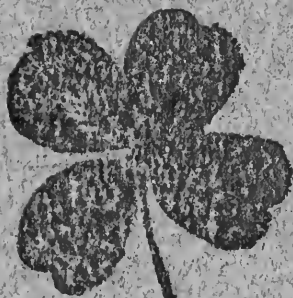
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OVER LEAVES



BY
ALICE WOODBY McKANE,

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To my Brother
WILLIAM B. WOODEBY,
BOSTON, MASS.
1914

AUG 24 1914

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1101

THE DANCE

My heart is light and free from care

Who is so gay as I?

And softly through my raven hair

The morning breezes fly;

Oh! Who will go with me to the green,

Where the merry wild birds sing?

Oh! Who will dance in the meadow sheen,

When nature's musics ring?

Tripping gaily over the greensward soft today.

Tripping gaily this merry morn of May.

Each little leaf on the tree top tall,

Each shimmering blade of grass.

A welcome gives alike to all

Who choose their way to pass

Oh! Who—

The bluebell fair and the lily sweet

In gladness rears each head.

They silently will kiss our feet

As over the green we tread.

Oh! Who—

REVERIE

To-night within my chamber,

I am sitting and thinking alone,

And flitting before me in visions

Are faces and forms unknown.

Dreams I think of the future,

That is surely awaiting me;

But a feeling of sadness steals o'er me,

As the mystical dew o'er the lea.

A feeling of fear for the future,
A yearning in truth to know
Will it be bright and happy
Or dark and filled with woe?

I pause and await for an answer
From my guests at the fanciful ball,
But I hear not a sound, not a murmur
Save the tick from the clock on the wall.

THE DOCTOR AND THE FARMER

The Doctor sat in his easy chair
The light of the lamp shown bright
Before him lay an open book
On treatments wrong and right.

"There's Johnnie Green," he wearily said,
As he hastily opened the work,
"His case tonight without fail I'll read,
My duty I must not shirk."

But it was not long the doctor read,
Hark! a call, "Come doctor quick!
My Wife's in bed most dead with pain,
And my children too are sick."

"Ahem," the doctor slowly said.
"Within I've warmth and cheer,
Without the wind blows fierce and wild
And the streets are cold and drear.

"About my fee—well, can you pay
For services desired?"

"Yes, Doctor make me out a bill,
I'll give you what's required.

"Your money's made,"tis good you know,
I just can't get it now,
A day or two must pass and then
I'll sell my Jersey cow."

"O no, I never cheated man,
Nor wished nobody harm,
I've got a score of sheep and pigs,
And a fifty acre farm."

"If God will let me live to see
Another two days past,
Your fee I'll pay without a word
And bless you till the last."

The doctor donned his hat and coat
He sped eight miles away,
And ere he reached his home again
The cock crew for the day.

Two days passed by, yes, six or eight,
A dozen and six score;
The doctor's creditors on him called;
But the farmer never more.

ONLY

Only a darling baby.

Tottering here and there,
Catching at what's in her reach,
And tumbling down the stair.

Only a little school girl,
Happy, gay and free,
Who thinks when she grows older,
How grand and good she'll be.

Only a fair young maiden,
Filled with wonders great,
Of what will be her future,
And who will be her mate?

Only a trembling woman,
Hoping, longing yet
For something in life to enter,
And wipe the eyes now wet.

Only a wife, most precious
Are the loving words she hears
From one who swears protection
Throughout the coming years.

Only a weary mother
Praying with anguish wild
For the rescue of the wandering,
The safety of her child.

Only a dear old grandma
Who journeyed life's rough road,
Awaiting now at the portal
Of the mystic dread abode.

Only two hands folded
Across a lifeless breast
The soul now free from sorrow
Serenely takes its rest.

THE SEA

I strolled beside yon restless sea,
And gazed upon the sky so clear,
I wondered if beneath the waves
I'd find the rest I sought for here.

My heart with sorrow wildly beat;
And like the uneasy waves were tossed
Upon the broken strands of hope
In ceaseless search of what was lost.

And when by doubt all hopes were slain,
I longed that far beyond the reef,
My wearied self I there might lay
In search of respite from my grief.

Again I stroll beside the sea,
And gaze upon the sky so clear,
My heart at nature's bidding yearns,
For what was lost that by-gone year.

But ah! since then I've found a rest
That gives to hearts both worn and faint
Contentment here on earth with Him
Who lived and died the perfect saint.

So restless sea roll on and on
My heart with thee now keeps no time,
A holy calm o'er sorrow's sea
Has brought contentment most divine.

FAREWELL

Farewell to thee my native home,
Home that I love so dear;
Farewell to thee loved Keystone State,
I leave with a tear.

Farewell to thee Kind friends so dear
Yes tried and true thou art,
A cry from Dixie bids me hence.
So from thee I must part.

Farewell my Alma maters too,
Farewell to thee and thine,
Around my heart thy precepts dear
Now closely shall entwine.

Farewell to each familiar scene,
The mill-pond and the plough,
The cherry tree by the little sty,
And the whortleberry bough.

Farewell to thee Neshaminy's stream
And grand old Delaware,
Oft o'er thy rippling waters clear,
I've steered with pleasure there.

Farewell to thee dear little church
That by the roadside stands:
I love thee for my parents dear
There taught me God's commands.

Farewell to thee graves of my sires ,
For centuries nearly two
Though I may roam in distant lands,
Yet would I sleep with you.

Yes I would sleep beneath the trees
That shade these graves so green,
Where the robin sings his notes in spring
When the sky is fair and sheen.

DIMPLE CHIN

" Dood morning, teacher dear,"
Said little Dimple Chin,
As open wide the door
She threw and entered in.

Then slipping to my side
With modest air and grace,
She gazed with questioning eyes
Intent into my face.

"What is it little one?"

I asked and kissed her cheek,
"What dost thou wish to know
Tell me what dost thou seek?"

"Why teacher dear," she said,
Then in tones shy and low,
"Me wants to know if oo
Has dot a bessest beau".

HER FORTUNE

"Oh! beautiful stars that shine so bright
Will you tell me my fortune this tranquil night?
For the Gypsy Queen just over the way
Says a dark eyed stranger I'll marry some day.
"And my child," said she "to test I am right
You must watch the stars on a tranquil night,
And the one most bright in the west you see,
At the striking of nine will twinkle at thee."
I will try, it is true for there in the west,
Is a star much brighter than all of the rest.
I will count and see if that star is mine.
Here is one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight,
nine.

Oh! the star is mine, it did twinkle at me,
And a dark eyed stranger I know I shall see,
Now what shall I do? I will hasten away,
No more on the green with the girls will I play

To sew I'll begin and my wedding dress make
And Rosie, friend Rosie shall make me the cake"
So rising and clapping her hands with glee,
The girl of sixteen quickly sped o'er the lea.
A summer of gold and a winter of gray
O'er the head of the maiden passed swiftly away
But when in the meadow the thrush sang again,
And the quivering grasses sparkled with rain,
A dark eyed stranger from far o'er the sea,
Came wooing and winning our fair Minnie Lee.

AUTUMN

The Autumn has come.
With noiseless tread,
Through forest and meadow
Her light is shed.

The winds of the morn,
Sweep hurriedly by
Caressing the virile oak,
Towering high.

And the noonday ray
Of the golden sun,
Quietly tells us,
Autumn has come.

The Autumn has come
The dead leaves fall,
And hovering round us,
Like to a pall,

Are memories sad
Of a long lost past
The pleasures of which
Have fled too fast.

For who ne'er longs
For mother's embrace
And the sacred smile
That lights her face.

THE DANDELION

"The spring I love and the summer's dew"
Said the buttercup fair of golden hue,
"And I," said the violet, beaming bright,
"Through wood and dale roam with delight,
When e'er I hear the red breast sing
His song of welcome, "Hail sweet Spring."
The Dandelion near them bowed her head,
And sadly cried, "Would I were dead,"
"Would thou wert dead?" said the buttercup fair,
As she gaily tossed her golden hair,
"I do," said the Dandelion, "indeed"
"Then tell me", buttercup cried, "thy need."
"My need of a truth is a pitiful one,
There are none who care for me under the sun,
Let thee and the Violet roam at will,
The youth and maiden seek thee still,
The young lambs mid thee frisk and play,
And children pluck thee all the day.
Yes sages write of the violet blue,
And buttercups fair of golden hue,

While I around on every side,
Unsought, unnoticed am denied
The name of flower and my seed,
'Tis said brings naught but common weed,
And thus the reason why today,
I wish my life were passed away."
"Dear Dandelion," said violet sweet,
Back to the earth I will retreat,
And thou, fair Buttercup, I know
Wilt not decline with me to go ;
Then Dandelion thou shalt appear
Before us each succeeding year,
And thou a welcome flower shalt be
Beneath the leafless shrub and tree."

MY BABES

Little feet upon the stair,
In the hall and everywhere,
Piter pater hear them go
Some are fast and some are slow.
First a laugh and then a cry,
"Mamma, baby hit my eye,"
Next a scuffle and a fumble,
O, I hear my baby tumble.
Bumps are kissed and smoothed away,
Baby's foremost in the play
Thus they pass the day along,
And at eve I sing a song,
As I tuck my babes to rest,
Praying they may both be blest
Blest in old age, blest in youth,
Do the right, and speak the truth.

THE JALOF MAIDEN

O, beautiful sable maiden,
With black and curling hair,
I never knew what beauty was
Till I beheld thee fair.

Thy darksome eyes of splendor,
Rich with the mellow light
Of hallowed native freedom,
Shine as the stars by night.

Man's features sure no sculptor
Can chisel half so fine
As nature's cunning workman,
Hath wrought and fashioned thine.

Thy charming graceful manners
Would steal the heart away
Of prince, of sage or poet
Who chants his rhythmic lay.

The Jalofs are a tribe of Africans found around the French Ports of Goree and Decker off the West Coast of Africa. The women of this tribe are very beautiful and industrious as is shown by their handiwork.

CAPE MAY POINT

Away, away with eager feet,
The little ones run from the dusty street
To catch a glimpse of the ocean wide,
And watch the rise and fall of the tide.
To hear the mighty breakers roar
As back they're dashed upon the shore.
And play upon the favoured strand,
Amid the shells and glittering sand.

DEEDS AND WORDS

Deeds of thought and words of love,
How they sooth the aching heart
Heaven to earth comes from above
When man nobly does his part.

Tell what part that man should take,
In the world's arena life?
Sooth the careworn hearts that ache,
Cease from evil and from strife.

Treat thy brother as thou wouldst
Have thy brother to treat thee,
Naught indeed but this thou couldst
Really call true charity.

With another let me say,
What in times past has been said,
For it is the only way
To bring blessings on thy head.

To thine own self first be true,
Then as night doth follow light,
To thy brother thou canst do
Naught but what is just and right.

Seek thou happiness in sin,
At the cost of others pain,
Ne'er think a lasting goal to win,
For alas ! 'tis sought in vain.

YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Here is today,
And yesterday with all its hopes
Its prayers and tears
Has passed away.

What hast thou brought?

Full many a disappointment keen
New expectations and new fears,
Yes cares alas ! unsought.

And is this all?

Oh no, all is not care and woe,
Thou bringst the birds to sing
In yonder tree so tall.

The grasses green.

The buds to bloom on bush and tree,
The dancing streams with music low,
And the fair blue sky so sheen.

Sweet memories

Of the tried and true of by-gone years,
Of childhood's haunts and home
O pleasant reveries.

Would thou wert here

O yesterday with all thy hopes
Thy prayers and tears,
For now to me thou art most dear.

A tear, a sigh,

The dream is o'er, thoughts of my youth
be gone,
But Hope, from me fly not, remain
Till deep beneath the earth I lie.

MY GEORGIA HOME

BY REQUEST

For the Georgia Club in Boston, and affectionately dedicated to my Georgia Friends

Would I could see the moss draped pines
Of my dear old Georgia Home,
Would I could hear the mocking birds
Singing as they roam.

The rustling of the sugar canes,
The fields of cotton white,
The fragrance of the jessamine sweet
Are memories fond and bright.

Then back to dear old Georgia fair,
I will hie me some good day,
I will bid farewell to this northern clime,
Where the Ice King holds his sway.

Yes, back to my own dear sunny heath,
To the land where cotton is king,
In the home of the yam and cow pea green,
Let me hear the rice birds sing.

WE ONLY KNOW

We know not what each coming day
Will bring to us or those we love
We know not whether clouds of gray
Or golden sunshine hang above.

We only know that in this life
We are a part of one great plan
That in this world of toil and strife
'Tis love we owe our fellow man.

A holy hallowed sacred love
No matter what his race or creed
That sent to earth by God above
To meet our fellow creatures need.

The Blue bell

IN THE DAYS OF KNIGHTS

A blue-bell to a vine one day
A lament made about a ray;
“I tire,” she said, “of dwelling here
Where naught but fir and oak trees rear
Their lofty heads above me high,
Communing with the sun and sky,
Whilst I receive one ray of light
A moment ere the stilly night.
Her mantel round me close has drawn,
Until the birds sing forth the morn,
I then the day in silence keep
While bee and bird in sunshine reap.
O, that the whole great sun each day
Would come and ever with me stay.
How happy then, dear vine, I’d be
Beneath this fir and bald oak tree.”
“Nay bluebell, should the torch of day
Upon thy head his flames display,
Dost thou not know thou couldst not live
Thy life to Death the brand would give.
Within this fragrant dell I see,
And hear the gentle hum of bee
Deploring sadly that a fate
For her did ope industry’s gate
And wish in vain that she might be
Yon sweet blue-bell beneath the tree.
The firs and oaks that near thee stand
So proud and noble, strong and grand
Who rear their heads towards heaven’s
height

As though from earth they'd take their
 flight
 Have longed to change with the bluebell
 Thou fragrant flower of the dell.
 The bright winged songsters, here and
 there
 That gladly flit through the mild air,
 To this thy airy bower retreat
 And in thy praise sing songs most sweet
 I pray thee more contented be
 A friend thou'lt always find in me;"
 Time swiftly sped with winged flight
 But each day brought to bluebell light
 And near her fairy bower sweet
 Was now a nook called love's retreat;
 And often lovers sought in vain
 To find from whence this fragrance came,
 Until at length Lord Hillingstand
 Cried, "I decree my daughters hand
 To him who finds the magic flower
 That grows beyond the Lovers bower;"
 For those whose hearts were cold and
 strong
 When ere they heard the birdling's song
 And breathed the bluebell's fragrance
 sweet,
 By faries borne from this retreat,
 At once did fall at Cupid's dart,
 And said the magic flower was art
 Too sacred now was it to find
 For love makes sight and reason blind;

But old Lord Hillingstand we see
Believed it not, hence the decree.
Across the moore from Hillingstand's
The farmer sowed with busy hands,
Gustavus Dore the farmers' son
In secret had the maid's heart won,
So when he heard the sad decree
Naught did he say but quit the lea,
And hied him to the sacred bower
In hopes that he might find the flower.
Brave knights arrayed in buckled suits
With horsemen near them playing lutes;
They said to charm the spell away
Was why they went in sheen array.
The sage and bard whose verses strong
Oft make men think that right is wrong;
And all the nobles of the land
Assembled there in one great band.
The bower now no longer stood
A tranquil place of quietude:
And soon the oak and clambering vine,
By vandals raids were made to pine,
The mosses and forget me-not,
With sorrow gazed upon the spot,
And whispered through the affrighted air,
“Farewell bluebell if thou art there.”
All searched for bluebell but in vain,
They searched through sunshine and
 through rain,
Till worn and weary, sad and faint,
They sought the camp of mother Dant.

She was the Princess of a band
 Of gypsies roving through the land,
 But Gustavus kept up the search
 In secret, till near by a birch,
 He saw a vine upon the ground,
 Which once around the birch was wound.
 He paused, "Ah! graceful vine, said he,
 "I will thee twine about this tree."
 Up from the ground he raised the vine,
 And there espied the flower divine.
 He plucked it with a tender hand,
 And bore it to the mansion grand,
 Then to the Lord so stern and cold,
 He said "Kind sir, the flower I hold,
 In yonder nook near by a birch
 I found the object of my search,
 And here it is, a little bell;
 The sweetest flower of the dell.
 It is of heavens fairest blue,
 My lord, the flower I give to you ;"
 The old Lord palled and cried, "boy
 hold,
 Art thou a knight of exploits bold?
 A bard or sage of wisdom ripe?
 Thou seemest like one of lowly type
 I'll give thee gold, I'll give thee fame,
 Thou'lt not take that? My rage then claim
 Begone impostor from my door
 This curse befall thee in thy moor
 A thousand lashes on thy back

Thy hairs that now with youth are black
Be turned as white as driven snow.
Know thou no peace where erst thou go
At night when sleep would close thine eyes
May weird gaunt specters round thee rise
And when thou dost lay down to die
May birds of prey around thee fly.”
Thus speaking closed the Lord the door
And poor Gustavus sought his moor
When low the sun sank in the west
And farmer Dore retired to rest,
The daughter of old Hillingstand
Warned Gnstavus to leave the land,
“Fly Gustavus, I’ll fly with thee
And where thou art there I will be.
They fled and by Neshaminy’s stream
Life was to them a golden dream,
For there a lowly preacher said
“I now declare that ye are wed”
His blessings then the curse dispelled,
And fear no longer round them dwelled.

THE SHIP OF LIFE

IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE POETS OF THE PAST

The ship of life, a goodly boat
With a fearless crew and bold
Sailed from the genial shores of youth
Upon Time's ocean old,
"Beware," a captain bent, with age
Cried o'er the waves so blue
"Of shoals and reefs you'll meet when out
Or they'll wreck ship and crew."
But Captain Passion of the boat—
Laughed gaily loud and long
"N'er fear," said he in jovial tone
My bark is stout and strong."
And as the ship sped on and on
Upon the crested sea
The crew could see the land behind
And hear loud shouts of glea,
"Out on the deep," the captain cried,
"I'm weary of the land
I long for naught but sea and sky
To be on either hand."
Then swiftly up were run the sails,
And soon a steady breeze
Like a magic wand the vessel bore
Upon the King of seas.
At length when land was passed from sight
The thoughtless captain gay
Longed for a stronger gale to blow
His bark far, far away
"On unknown reefs," he loudly cried,
"My ship to try I long"

I know she'll stand what e'er can come
A storm or siren's song."
At length the sky is so clear and blue
Grew dim and dark with cloud
But lightly sailed the craft along
Nor feared the thunder loud,
Fast, fast the rain began to fall,
The wind did fiercely blow,
The sailors laughed and gaily said
They longed for North-east snow
There came a whizing North-east snow,
And then a driving hail
A hurricane that shook the ship
And wildly rent the sail,
The crew still laughed and praised their
craft
They knew 'twas strong and stout
A boat, they said that would not sink
Though tossed by storm about.
Wilder and fiercer grew the storm,
The lightning around them played,
The Thunder-bolts of Heaven were drawn
Against their ship arrayed—
Her sails were rent: her masts were split
Upon a reef she ran;
The crew their jovial captain sought
And found a trembling man.
His face was haggard worn and sad
He knew not what to do
He paced with fear and anguish wild
And called upon his crew.
But she was grinding on a rock

There was no sight of land
"O, shores of youth," cried Passion brave
Would I could on you stand
Then swiftly to the rescue came
A boat that stood near by
To save all ships wrecked on the reef
To answer all crew's cry.
"Hold on," they shouted through the storm
We're come, yes help is here
Within our boat we'll take you in
Until the sky is clear.
Then when the fierce wild storm was o'er
The ship sailed on again
Bearing a trembling crew that longed
For the shores of youth in vain.
But soon the winds grew high once more
The waters, O, so rough
The trembling barge sailed on awhile
Then struck old age's bluff.
Haggard and weary, worn and faint
They struggled on in pain.
To ocean time for mercy plead
But plead alas, in vain.
Times roaring billows swept the ship
Unmanaged o'er the sea ;
A dreary wreck she drifted on
Into eternity.
This is the fate of all our barks
When we leave the shores of youth
With passion's thoughtless noisy crew
Untaught, unchecked by truth.

Parody on rock me to sleep

Rock me to sleep, mother, ——

Tuck me in tight,

Kiss and caress me—

Then turn out the light

So that from hobgoblins

Ghosts and the lik

You'll ne'er be troubled

With your little Mike.

Mother come back

From Miss Flannigan's store

Stay there no longer

O please talk no more

Father is hungry

And sleepy am I

Come, mother dear

E're I break down and cry.

"Are you not hungry?"

My father has cried

Nothing I answered

But sweet meats espied

And I can bet you

In less than a day

There'll be a cat here

To chase rats away.

Rock me to sleep, mother

Tuck me in tight

Kiss and caress me

Then turn out the light

For I am fearful

Lest you should find out

Just what your Mikey

While here was about.

**UNCLE JAKE ON THE OPENING OF THE
McKANE HOSPITAL Oct. 1896
at Savannah Ga., New Charity Hospital**

Well the Hospital was opened
With a mighty big hurrah,
And the doctors and the preachers
Fairly clinched their fists and swore
That by all the Gods above them,
On the right side and the left
That the work by them should never
In their life time be bereft;
Then they took up a collection
For to help the cause along
An' that noble act wuz follerd
By a mighty purty song-
O Malindy, you should heered her
Heered how well that critter sung ;
I declare 'twas most like music
From the bells of heaven high rung-
Then the next thing was the marchin
Up an down about the house
Lookin inter every corner
Jes like Tom would fer a mouse,
An upstairs you should have seen it
Lots o little beds you know
Not a colored spread upon em
But sheets white as winter's snow ;
An away back in the kitchen
There wuz lots of tables set

An the wimin there a sellin
Wuz worked in a perfect fret,
For the people they were shoutin
All aroun for frozen cream;
Till one critter wild with anger
Jumped and fairly gave a scream:
Then we heered a wagon comin,
An Malindy, just to think,
Sure enough it wuz the wimin
Bringing ice cream white and pink,
Then O my us folks wuz happy
Like some June bugs on a vine,
An I tell you now Malindy
That'er place is mighty fine.

YOUTH

Oh, Youth so fair and hopeful,
Oh, Youth with sky so clear,
With sun of roseate setting
Thou hast no night thats drear.

Thou art like a fount thats playing
Amid the sunbeams bright,
That ripples, dances gaily
Then upward takes its flight.

Aye showers may over take thee
But showers never last,
The flowers spring up, the zephyrs blow,
The rain drops brief are past.

AWAKE, AWAKE

Awake, awake at early dawn
Awake and greet this happy morn !
For pealing far and near we hear
The church bells sweet so loud and clear
"Glory to God in the highest," they say
Peace on earth good will to men. Amen"

Today the Savior promised long
Has come and fills each heart with song
And sons of men and angels sing
"Hail blessed Jesus! Christ our King
"Glory to God in the highest," they say,
Peace on earth goodwill to men Amen"

The glorious sun, the source of light,
The moon and stars of silent night,
The babbling brooks and fields of green,
The mounts and dales that lay between
"Glory to God in the highest," they say
Peace on earth good will to men Amen"

The trees in majesty which stand
The workmanship of God's own hand
Vie with the flowers as they lay,
Upon the altar fair today—
"Glory to God in the highest," they say
Peace on earth good will to men. Amen"

TWO DAYS

TO F. S. P.

The sky is oe'er cast with clouds tonight,
The moon and stars are hid from sight,
The fitful wind sweeps o'er the plain
That's beaten roughly by the rain,
And all within is cold and drear,
And each heart beats with anxious fear;
Slow morning dawns at last again
And where we ask is the fitful rain
For lo o'er yonder meadow moor
The King of day comes forth once more
The lark and blue jay on the wing
Sweetly carol their songs of spring
The grass, the flowers and the trees
Peep out in verdure from their eaves
The brooklets flow makes music low
While soft the south winds gently blow.
And so dear friends though dark today
The storm of disappointments sway
Tomorrow's sun with golden light
Will bring to thee new hopes so bright
That while reflecting o'er sad days
Thou'lt sweetly carol joyful lays.

JUSTICE

TO MR. JOHN DANIELS

It is Justice who stands in the highway of life
And notes with exactness most true
The deeds that are done by the children of men
In the course of the ways they pursue.

But Ignorance, Vice and Vain glory have said,
That Justice shall never prevail
That Viciousness, Greed and Prejudice rank
The banner of Justice shall trail.

That selfish Ambition with its unholy creed
Shall govern the hearts of all men
And their actions shall be as their hearts shall
decree

They declare with their voice and their pen.

But Justice heeds not this clamorous cry
Nor their intrigues of power and might
All records she sends to the maker of men
The Arbiter of Wrong and of Right

O, civilized? man why this unholy strife
Gainst him whom you seek to disgrace
Are you better than he why you revel with glee
O'er the deeds yours have done to debase?

WANTED

O ring the bells, good people all
And call the maidens fair and gay
Call widows too both great and small
And bachelor girlyes gray.

“Now tell me pray, why ring the bells
And call the maidens old and young?
What silent thought within thee dwells
What is the song unsung?”

Tis this, I wish unto myself
Before ere long to take a mate,
One who will love me, not my wealth
And to me cling what e're my fate.

The house it must be neatly kept,
The glasses clear filled to the brim,
The gardens green, the porches swept
And she herself in perfect trim.

No slits or rents within my clothes
Nor hanging buttons must abound
With care be darned my coarsest hose,
What ere I lose be quickly found;

And she must wear a pleasant smile
No matter what may be her plight;
And then, with soothing words the while,
When I'm perplexed set me aright.

The beefsteak and light biscuit hot
Must grace the table in the morn,
And savory smell the dinner pot
While flowers the midday board adorn.

The little baby in the night
Must ne'er disturb me with its cry,
Even though my wife by candle light
To quiet it must walk and try,

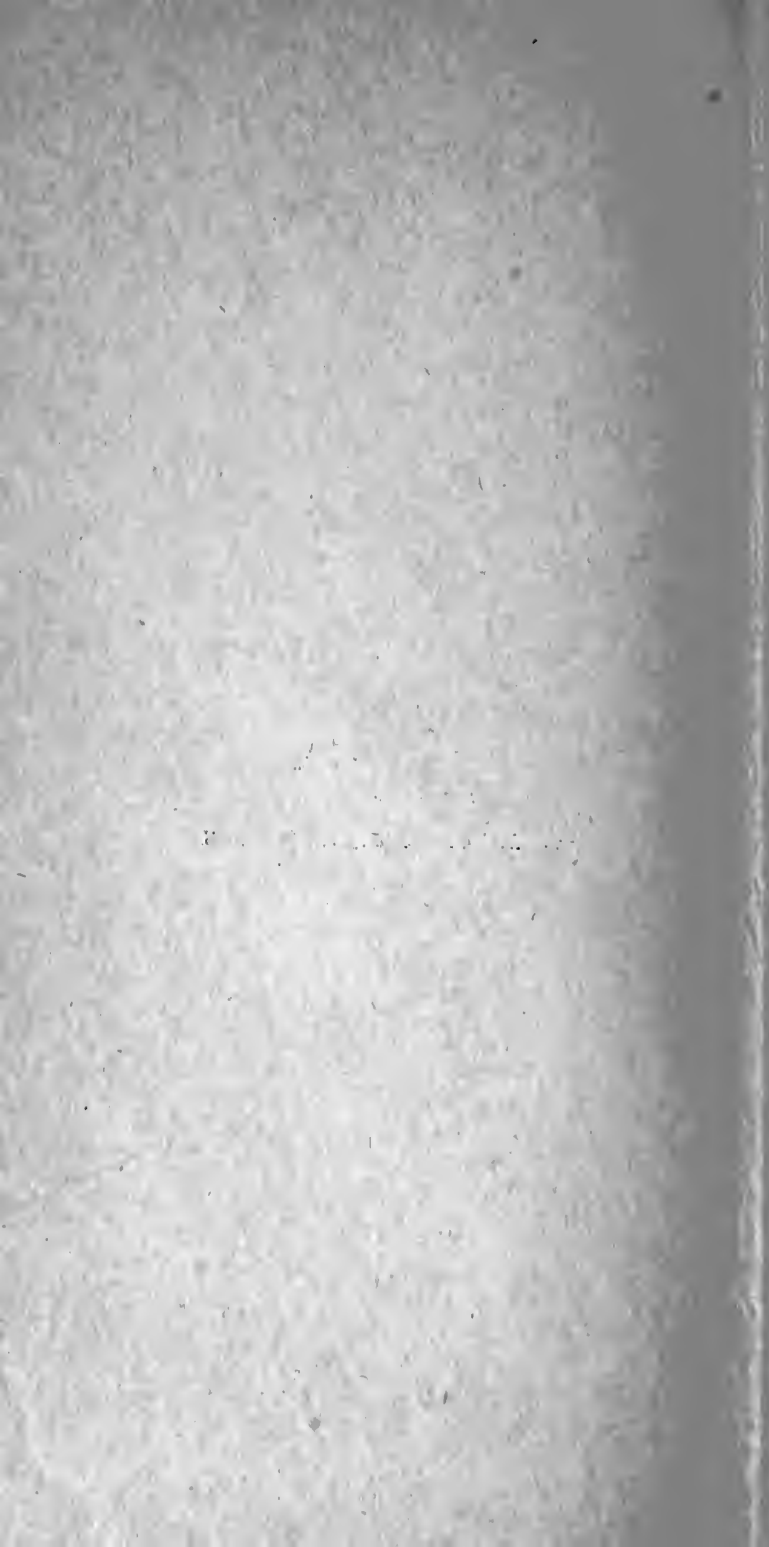
"And is this all? the maiden asked
"That thou would have her do for thee?"
A few more things that might be passed
If she perchance denied them me.

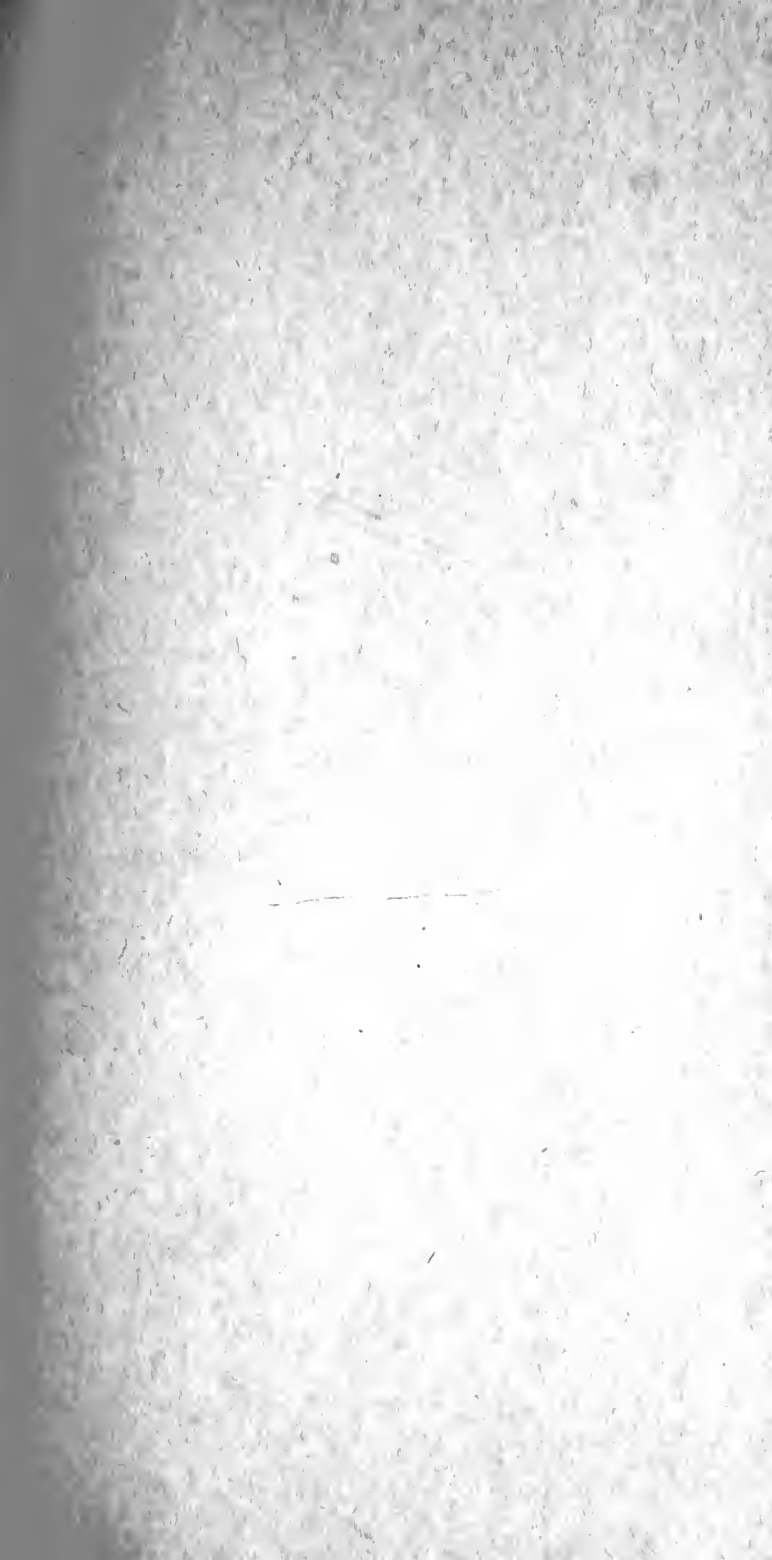
"Ah ha," the maiden said, "I see,
You wish a helpmate throughout life
And one to order made must be
A slave, but call her, dearest wife."

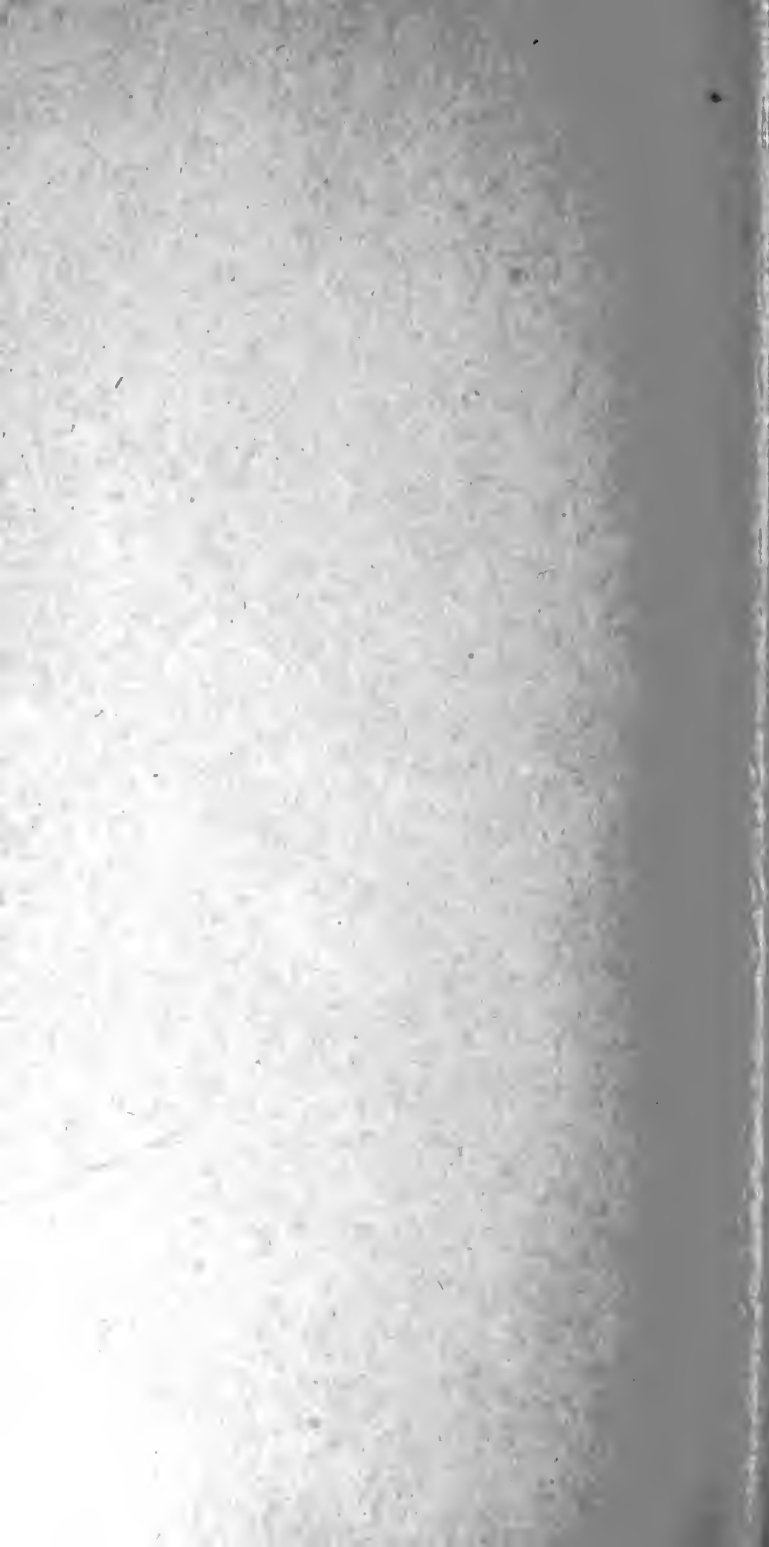


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